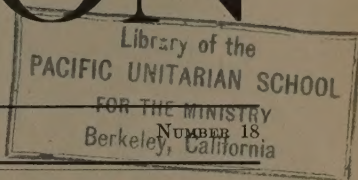


THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

VOLUME V.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 31, 1915



SNOW DAYS.

Oh, the children love the snow, and they never grumble over it!
Old Winter snaps, but in their wraps they toss and tumble over it.

In a laughing, jolly jumble,
Through a snowdrift first they stumble;
Then a snow-man, like a dough-man
(Though he really looks like no man),
They freeze stiff as any Roman,
Ere he has a chance to crumble.
So, hallo! who loves the snow,
Let him out a-playing go!

On the road it makes a cushion so the wheels can't rattle over it;
But all the boys in merry whirls they romp and battle over it;

Then the girls, both high and humble,
Bring their sleds without a grumble,
And a-coasting, cheeks a-roasting,
Every one of speed a-boasting,
Down the hill they all go coasting,
With a jounce and bounce and tumble.
So, hallo! who loves the snow,
Let him out a-playing go!

MARTHA BURR BANKS, in *St. Nicholas*.

A Test of Friendship.

BY ELSIE C. CARROLL.

"IT'S going to be a miserable failure and all because of Blanche." Blanche Kennedy stopped. She could not help hearing. "If only some one had courage to tell her," the voice went on; "but I wouldn't dare and I guess every one else is afraid too." It was Maude Olsen speaking. Blanche's face was white.

"Why doesn't Professor Richter tell her?" asked Maude's friend Gertrude Miller, who had come to visit during commencement.

"He's too much in love with his bread and butter. You see Blanche is President Kennedy's daughter. Herr Richter would be the last person in the world to think of turning her down. He's a fine music director, but he hasn't the moral courage of a rat."

"And who is the pretty little prima donna who went through the part so beautifully yesterday?"

"Millicent Hurst. And the funny thing about it is that she was just stuck in to make it easy for the real prima donna. Blanche hates rehearsals, so she got Milly to learn her part so she would not have to go all the

time. Mr. Hurst, who is dead, was an old friend of President Kennedy's. Mrs. Hurst is poor, but is intimate with the family."

"Miss Hurst seems very devoted to Miss Kennedy," Gertrude observed.

"Oh, yes, Milly's sun rises and sets with Blanche."

"And doesn't Miss Kennedy return the devotion?"

"Of course, in her way. No one could help loving Milly, but as for letting any one else be the star—not Blanche Kennedy."

"She really has a wonderful voice," said Gertrude.

"Certainly, I'm not denying that," admitted Maude. "Last year she was superb in 'Carmen,' and she was fine the year before in 'Gypsy Queen.' The trouble is she is not fitted for this rôle in any way. Who could ever imagine a Magdalena with raven hair and midnight eyes? Besides, she won't practice. She hasn't from the first. She expects her reputation to carry her through. No one could learn the drill work between now and Thursday, and it is certain that Blanche won't try. You see," Maude continued, "Milly has ambitions for a musical career herself, and this rôle would give her

the opportunity of a life-time. Professor Brazee will be here to choose a lady from the opera to star in his company. Milly would surely get it if she had a chance. It is a shame that her future should be sacrificed to the selfish pride of a spoiled girl."

"The listener bit her lips as she stepped behind a pile of stage property as Maude and her friend emerged from the dressing-room.

"Can nothing be done to change it?" Gertrude asked as they left the stage.

"Not while it is Blanche Kennedy in the way," came the remorseless reply.

Blanche stood still until she was alone back of the deserted stage. "Sacrificed to the selfish pride of a spoiled girl," she repeated to herself, the hot blood rushing to her face. "Maude Olsen, I did not think that of you. I 'love Milly in my way.' As if my way were not as good as the common way most girls love their friends. 'A miserable failure all on account of Blanche.' Oh, it's hateful jealousy, and I shall not give it up. Little she knows of the months and years I've worked for the place I hold—or thought I held. Oh, it's mean, mean of her to say such hateful things, and she shall answer for it." She burst into tears, but presently her sobs stopped.

"Milly! What did she say?—Milly has musical ambitions? And I did not know it. It must be because I am always talking of mine. This is her chance, and she needs it. Oh, I am not the horrid selfish thing Maude described!"

Blanche was sweet and lovable at heart. The shock she had just received brought her real, noble nature to the surface. A new resolve shone in her face as she left the opera house. Milly joined her just outside the door.

"I've been hunting for you ever since rehearsal," was her greeting. "Mamma wants you to try your costumes, to see if they need altering." Mrs. Hurst had been made wardrobe mistress for the opera company.

"Oh, Milly, you try them for me, that's a dear. I have to see Professor Richter."

"Don't you even want to see them? Oh, they are perfect dreams."

"No, not to-night, dearie, and, Milly,"—there was the last issue of the girl's inward conflict in the pause before she continued,— "you will rehearse for me again to-morrow, won't you?"

"Why, Blanche, don't you know it is the last practice, the dress rehearsal?"

"Yes, but I—you'll do it, won't you, Milly? Or, are you tired of it?"

"I? Oh, no, indeed! I should never grow tired. I could sing all day and love it more all the time." The light in the younger girl's face repaid Blanche for the disappointment she was trying to smother. "Well, you'll be there to-morrow, and maybe I'll come, too, just to see how you do it," and Blanche stopped at Herr Richter's apartments.

A half hour later she left her teacher, a plan fully settled, and her disappointment swallowed up in a worthy sacrifice.

"T'ank you so much, Mees Kennedy," the professor said in parting. "Every t'ing vill be shust as you say, and it vill go off magnificent. You vas a great girl, Mees Blanche, greater than shust a great singer." The girl smiled and said good-by. She was experiencing a new pleasure, that of self-sacrifice, and she was surprised at the peaceful happiness it gave her.

The night of the first performance of the opera arrived; also scores of friends and relatives of the young performers. From previous productions the music school was well and favorably known, and this effort promised to outshine all former ones. The performers were in a state of happy excitement—all except Millicent Hurst.

"I'm so worried over Blanche," she confided to Maude Olsen. "Just think, she isn't here yet! She has not tried one of her gowns, and I do not even feel sure that she knows all her lines. Oh, why doesn't she appreciate her wonderful gift!"

"Well, she doesn't, nor the gift some one else has either," Maude retorted. "And she's going to make a failure of the whole affair."

Just then the music director's signal was heard, and they gathered to hear his final instructions.

"Dere vill be one change to-night," he said. "By the special request off Mees Kennedy, Mees Hurst vill sing Magdelene. Be ready to start in a half hour."

Milly stood staring in amazement. It could not be true! she the youngest chorus girl to sing the part of the beautiful Magdelena—Blanche's part. What did it all mean? All about she could hear murmurs of satisfaction, but she could not understand it. Presently two arms were thrown about her and Blanche was saying: "Come on, Milly. It is true. I can't take your part in the chorus, but I'm going to help you dress and you must do your best. Remember Professor Brazee is here to-night. This is your chance."

"Oh, Blanche, and you are giving up your chance to me. I—I—can't take it."

"Nonsense, child. Nothing of the sort," and Blanche led her friend to the dressing-room.

When the curtain had descended for the last time on the last act, and the brilliant Magdelena was caught in the arms of her friend, she crumpled into a little heap and sobbed out her joy.

"Oh, Blanche, I can never repay you. You don't know what this will mean for me and mother. It means rest and a home for her, and for me—Oh, it is work, sweet work in what I love!"

"It means more than that, dear. It means fame and fortune. And to think I nearly kept it from you. Oh, Milly, more than all else, it means the making of your friend—making her worthy of the name."

It is character that counts in nations as in individuals. Only in loyalty to the old can we serve the new; only in understanding of the past can we interpret and use the present; for history is not made but unfolded, and the old world entire is ever present in the new.

BENJAMIN IDE WHEELER.

The Gingerbread Island.

BY MABEL S. MERRILL.

In Six Chapters. Chapter Fourth.

AT this point Mustard Seed, who had been hidden under his rescuer's coat, made a jump for his mistress, and while she laughed and cried over him, the three young persons stood looking rather red and sheepish—for it seemed that this stranger whom they had hurried away on a fox hunt in the pasture was the governor, after all.

They had no time to think about this, however, for just then Nat came bursting in.

"Hey!" he shouted, waving his cap. "Hooray, boys, the fox is all right!"

"What do you mean by 'all right,' Nat Foster?" asked Betty, severely. "Didn't he smash the chicken coop and run off into the woods?"

"No, he didn't, Betty Bunch, and you're a goose—but then I'm another, and we're all bats besides. I forgot that I lugged in a broken chicken coop yesterday and stowed it over in that corner behind the grain chest where it would be out of the way. I had to push the coop with the fox in it 'way back against the wall to make room. You saw the broken coop and didn't notice the fox further back, so you thought he'd got away. And then we all got so rattled that we thought so too, and never looked to see Mr. Blacklegs glaring at us in the dark."

Everybody laughed—there was no help for it—and Aunt Nettie said cheerfully:

"Well, if you hadn't gone on that wild goose chase after a fox that turned out to be a dog I shouldn't have got Mustard back, and he's worth a dozen blacklegs in my opinion. Now if you don't sit right down and eat up this dinner, I'll sell it to the first sleigh load that comes along!"

They were too hungry by this time to feel shy at dining with a governor, and anyway, there was no such thing as being shy with their fox-hunting friend. He told them all his adventures up country, from the moose he saw on the first day to the falling of a tree this morning right across his road—an accident that had caused his horse to bolt into the bushes and drag his driver at the end of the reins through half an acre of brush and stumps.

"You wouldn't expect me to look like a governor if you knew what I'd been through this morning," he said plaintively. "It's no wonder you didn't know me."

By the time he had got as far as praising Lora's cake and asking Nat if he would tell his recipe for ice cream, they felt as if he were an old friend. He stayed half the afternoon, telling Uncle Charlie all the up-country news and shelling corn for Betty to pop over the store stove. The storm of the morning had frightened the sleighing parties, perhaps, for few customers appeared, and they had their visitor all to themselves.

Before he went away they even told him about their plan of going to Quebec to see the carnival, if their fox-money, as Betty called it, proved to be enough. And then he told them a great many stories of Quebec, where it seemed he had been many times.

"Well," said Aunt Nettie, proudly, as their guest drove away, "you've seen one of the best men of the State. Always just the same, he is; never fails to ask after Charles Seed's rheumatism and sends us both a present every Christmas. Last time 'twas a new dress for me, and a book for Charles all about foxes from cover to cover. I

shouldn't have thought there was a book in the world with nothing in it but foxes, but the governor knew all about it. He does a sight of good with his money, and he's got a heap of it too. Why, he owns most the whole of the railroad that goes up through the middle of the State. That's how it comes he goes so much to Quebec and all these cur'is places. He's got a big private car that'll hold his family and more too."

The four young people felt quite tired out with the day's excitement when they got home that night. Lora made cocoa and Betty toasted bread while the boys did up the work at the barn and strained the milk. After supper they felt ready for bed, and Nat was saying something about its being all right to go as soon as it was dark under the table when the telephone began peeping again just as it had done in the morning.

"It's Uncle Charlie this time," said Nat, with the receiver at his ear, and then he stood listening with a blank face that was very aggravating to the other three who stood waiting to hear the news.

"Say, here's a scrape!" observed Nat, at last, as he turned from the telephone. "The governor lost his watch crawling around up there in the pasture. He's been telephoning from somewhere down river."

"Oh, my! did he say we must go right out and find it this time of night?" asked Betty.

"No, he didn't. Said it served him right for having it loose in his pocket; he knew he'd broken the fob when the horse ran away. But it's a valuable watch; somebody brought it to him from abroad. And it's beginning to snow again, you see—that's what Uncle Charlie is worrying about. If it comes deep snow and covers up the watch, it will be summer before he can find it, and all kinds of things may happen to it by that time."

"That means that we'd better be footing out to the pasture with a lantern to see if we can find it," added Hal. "No, you mustn't come, Lora. This is a man's job."

Lora was inclined to scorn this advice, but little Betty was tottering over with sleep, and must go to bed. She could not be left in the house alone, so presently the boys set off by themselves, Hal carrying the lantern and Nat a stout cane belonging to Cousin Fred.

"We don't expect to meet any wild beasts," he said to Lora as she looked at the cane in some surprise. "Fred says once in a while a deer strays down into the pasture, but if we met one he'd be more scared than we should. I'm just taking the cane for the looks of it—or maybe to hook up the watch out of a hole."

Lora laughed at what she thought was some of Nat's nonsense, but the boy was thinking that so near the big tracts of forest up river, it was not impossible to meet a real dweller of the woods—a "lucivee" at least.

The boys found their trail of the forenoon and followed it to the place where the governor had crept up on the supposed fox. Here they began peering about with the lantern held close to the ground, going over the space inch by inch.

"I see it!" cried Nat, joyfully. "Over there by that sprig of sweet-fern. Come this way a little and I'll have it."

At this instant a terrific sound broke the silence of the pasture. It was a sound such as the boys had never heard before, and it seemed close at hand. With one impulse

they rushed to the cover of a thicket a few yards away and dropped flat among the bushes. The sound came again nearer than before, a hoarse enraged noise something between a roar and a bellow.

"It's a moose!" gasped Nat.

Peering out, they could see the great animal plainly in the dim light. He was standing with lowered head and gleaming eyes directed towards the thicket where they had hidden themselves. As they gazed at him the menacing sound again rumbled from his throat.

"It's the light; it always makes 'em mad, they say!"

Nat rolled over as carefully as he could and turned out the flame of the lantern. Then they lay still watching the creature and making no sound that could betray their whereabouts. Seeing that the offensive light had disappeared and that there seemed to be nothing more in the thicket worth looking after, the moose gave up his investigation and began to move about a little, browsing at a bush here and there.

"Why didn't we stop to grab that watch?" groaned Nat, under his breath. "The brute is trampling around right where we saw it. He's sure to get one of his big feet on it in a minute."

"Won't he go away if we keep still?" whispered Hal.

"Oh, yes, I suppose so, but not till he's smashed the governor's watch to bits. Look here, where's that cane?"

"Right here, but it won't begin to reach out to where the watch is. Say, Nat Foster, you don't mean to crawl out of these bushes while that brute is hanging around, do you?"

"Why not? It's dark as a pocket now the light's out, and I don't believe he'll notice me. I know exactly where the watch is, and I shan't have to get out but a yard or two before I can hook the crooked end of the cane into the ring."

"Let's make sure of that first"—Hal was fumbling with the cane in the dark—"There, can't you feel?—This end of the cane is a good deal too big to hook into a watch ring."

"Never mind, it's got to be tried. Besides, I guess the piece of the broken fob will be hanging to it and I can get it by that."

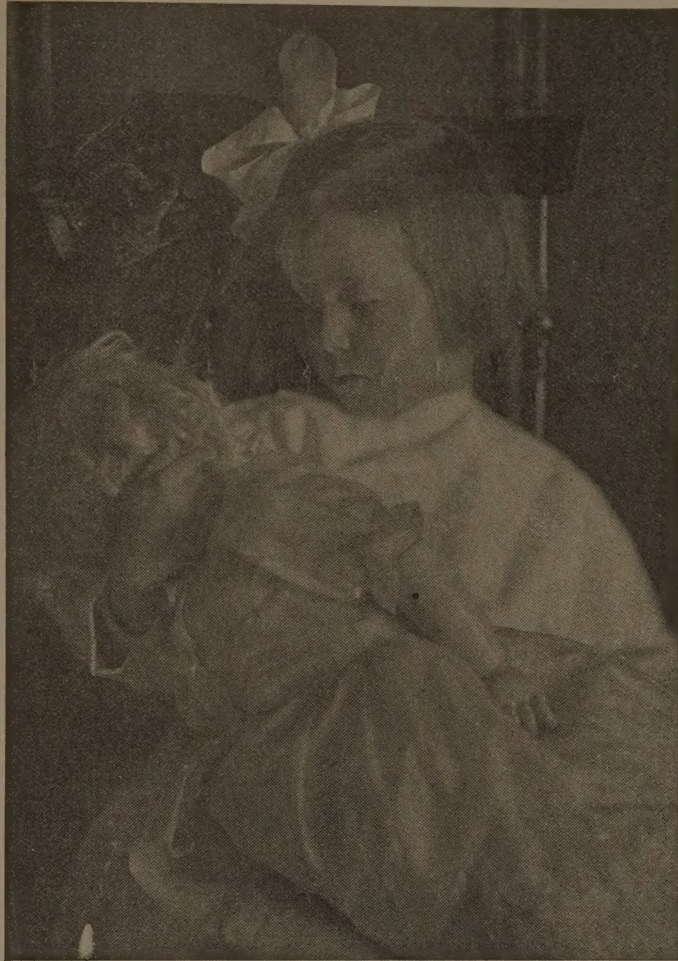
Hal tried to offer some further objection, but his cousin did not hear. The moose had turned his back to the thicket and was nibbling a hemlock, his great head tilted up against the dim sky as he stood on the top of a pasture knoll.

Nat went crawling out of the thicket like a caterpillar. The animal was still very near, and a sound might bring him charging and trampling over his prostrate enemy. But there was the watch shining dimly at the foot of the sprig of sweet-fern.

Nat tried for it cautiously, and then he found that Hal had been right. He could not hook the watch with the clumsy curled end of the cane. For a moment he lay still, puzzled what to do next. Then he felt for a pin in his coat. By good luck he found a stout one and drove it as hard as he could into the end of the cane. Then he bent it to form a hook—not a very strong one, but it might serve.

"He's got it!" muttered Hal, from the thicket, and the next minute Nat was worming his way back to shelter with the watch in his hand.

The moose was still browsing quietly,



By James Wyper.

MOTHERHOOD'S ANXIETIES.

and they found it easy to slip away through the bushes and pick out a round-about way home. They hardly noticed that the snow had turned to a fine warm rain that came down as if it meant to last all night.

"Oh, dear," said Lora, next morning, as she looked out at the big drops pattering against the window. "I'm afraid we can't go to the gingerbread island to-day."

"We can't go anywhere else," shouted Nat, from his post at the east window. "The river's been rising all night. We're on an island ourselves. Just you come and look."

It was true. Across the neck of the peninsula upon which Cousin Fred's house stood was pouring a yellow-white torrent of water, cutting them off entirely from their neighbors on the mainland.

(To be continued.)

A White, White World.

WE live in a white, white world
That's only one day old;
'Twas turned to white all in a night,
When the earth was still and cold:
When the day came up the hills

The frost king followed on,
And he worked and worked, and never shirked
Till day was past and gone.
And we cry, "Brown World, adieu, adieu!
And hail to the world that's white and new!"

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR.

On Borrowing Trouble.

DON'T borrow trouble, dear, to-day;
Wait and think about it!
Maybe, dear, if you delay,
You'll get along without it!

Selected.

The Reason.

GRANDMA GRUFF said a curious thing,
"Boys may whistle, but girls must sing."

That's the very thing I heard her say
To Kate, no longer than yesterday.

"Boys may whistle." Of course they may,
If they pucker their lips the proper way;
But for the life of me I can't see
Why Kate can't whistle as well as me.

I went to father and asked him why
Girls couldn't whistle as well as I,
And he said, "The reason that girls must sing
Is because a girl's a sing-ular thing."

And grandma laughed till I knew she'd ache
When I said I thought it all a mistake.
"Never mind, little man," I heard her say.
"They will make you whistle enough some day."

New Orleans Picayune.

THE BEACON

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Belgian Relief.

Continuing the acknowledgments for this cause, the donors are as follows:

Cash raised and expended, in co-operation with the Department of Religious Education, in the purchase of food and clothing: Boston, Mass. (Arlington Street Sunday-school), \$25; Hopedale, Mass., \$11; Boston, Mass. (Bulfinch Place Sunday-school), \$50; Kennebunk, Me., \$12.

Barrels, boxes, and bundles of clothing have been received from Hanska, Minn., Eastport, Me., Watha, N.C., Evanston, Ill., Orange, N.J., Stowe, Vt., Wilton, Charlestown, Manchester, Exeter, and Franklin, in New Hampshire. From cities and towns in Massachusetts we have received supplies from Arlington, Athol, Ayer, Berlin, Boston (Arlington Street and Bulfinch Place), Clinton, Danvers, Dorchester (Channing Sunday-school and Third Religious Society), Fall River, Gardner, Hingham (New North Sunday-school), Marlboro, Nantucket, Newton (Channing Sunday-school), Plymouth, Shelburne Falls, Wayland, West Roxbury, West Upton, Winchendon, and Woburn.

Individual offerings have been received from Miss Elsie Spaulding, Dorchester; Miss Helen Hubbard, Charlestown, N.H.; Miss Florence Everett, Boston; Douglas Ayres, Jr., Fort Plain, N.Y.; Miss Alice A. Emery, Cambridge; Mrs. Lillian E. Burton, Winchester; Mr. John Ruston, Medford; and Miss Helen F. Pettes, Boston.

A few packages have been received with no indication as to the source.

Sunday School News.

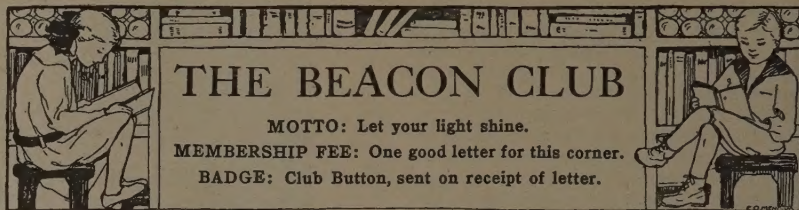
A NEW superintendent and an excellent teaching force are reported this year from our school at Pittsburgh, Pa. The adult class will study during the remainder of the year the religions of the world, with one Sunday each month given to social service topics. A placard bearing on one side the words "I am on time" and on the other side "I am late," is hung on the door where all in and is turned as the school opens. This has produced excellent results in securing promptness.

Prayer.

NOT supplication, but communion,
And love, the shrine;
Not telling beads, but childlike union
With the Divine.
'Tis feeling what no words can capture,
Though music-shod;
It is the spirit's holy rapture
That God is God.

GOTTFRIED HULT.

Reveries. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 1909.



THE BEACON CLUB

MOTTO: Let your light shine.

MEMBERSHIP FEE: One good letter for this corner.

BADGE: Club Button, sent on receipt of letter.

Letters must be written on *only one side* of the paper. Address, THE BEACON CLUB, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

A GAIN we add a new State to the list of those in which our Club members live. This time it is Maryland.* We have now had letters from twenty-six States, from Canada, Scotland, and Switzerland. Will some of our boy members suggest a name for this boy's club?

BALTIMORE, MD.

Dear Editor,—I am the son of the minister of the First Unitarian Church in Baltimore, Md. The boys of our Sunday school are getting up a club, and we thought that you might have a name or two. The officers are Chester Wood, president; William Wood, secretary; Rodman Hussey, treasurer. I wish to join the Beacon Club. Our Sunday school takes the paper, and I enjoy it very much. I am sending a joke for the funny corner.

Yours truly,

RODMAN HUSSEY, JR.

BUFFALO, N.Y.,

183 St. James Place.

Dear Miss Buck,—I have been to the Unitarian Sunday school for four years without missing a Sunday. I have gone to the school all my life. I read *The Beacon* every Sunday and frequently send in puzzles. I am twelve years old and am in the eighth grade at day school.

Your friend,

VARIAN STEELE.

CONCORD, N.H.,

121 School Street.

Dear Miss Buck,—I go to Sunday school as regular as possible. I enjoy reading *The Beacon* very much. My teacher's name is Miss Bridden. I am twelve years old.

I remain your loving friend,

KATHARINE CHANDLER.

ARLINGTON, MASS.,

330 Massachusetts Avenue.

Dear Miss Buck,—I go to the Unitarian Sunday school. I get *The Beacon*, and enjoy it very much. I would like to be a member of the Beacon Club. I am ten years old.

Yours truly,

FRANK HUTCHINSON.

BERNARDSTON, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—I have attended the Unitarian Sunday school since I was a little tot. I have been very much interested in *The Beacon*, and I would very much like to join the Beacon Club.

I remain your loving friend,

MARGARET L. ADAMS.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

Dear Miss Buck,—I read *The Beacon* every Sunday and enjoy it very much. I hope you receive many letters.

Sincerely,

HENRY VENABLE.

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA XXXIII.

I am composed of 26 letters.

My 3, 14, 22, 24, 23, is a city where my whole won fame.

My 1, 12, 13, 5, 17, 23, is a city in Europe.

My 9, 2, 16, 16, 5, 6, is necessary in war.

My 11, 26, 16, 24, 4, 8, is a government of people.

My 9, 21, 26, 15, is a wild animal.

My 1, 7, 10, 11, is a part of the day.

My 9, 21, 23, 16, 7, 11, is a city of our land.

My 20, 18, 14, 5, is a mineral.

My 25, 15, 12, 19, 16, is a ship.

My whole was a famous commander.

CHARLES YOUNG.

ENIGMA XXXIV.

I am composed of 19 letters.

My 12, 13, 7, is used in playing ball.

My 1, 4, 12, is worn by a baby.

My 19, 7, 8, 5, 2, is part of a rock.

My 3, 15, 7, 2, is a boy's toy.

My 6, 15, 16, is not bright.

My 9, 10, 3, 2, is a man of title.

My 14, 8, 19, 2, is part of the face.

My 11, 17, 4, 18, is carried in bags.

My whole is something all children should do.

DOROTHY CHRISMAN.

A RIDDLE.

A flower of six letters in springtime is sent,
Whose sweetness and beauty for mortals is spent;
Its honey and cream are a source of delight
To the young and the old, at morn, noon or night.
Curtail, and a fragrance our thoughts would beguile
With the spices and sweets of Sumatra's far isle.
Behold the word now, and a word is then found
Known the world over—in the heart 'twill abound.

Youth's Companion.

CITIES AT HOME AND ABROAD.

1. A bell that is well tied.
2. Measures of paper.
3. Found on my lady's toilet table.
4. The work of a surgeon.
5. A stagnant pool.
6. Midday.
7. What the small boy likes to do when callers come.
8. The nest of a bird of prey.
9. A bookworm's favorite pastime.
10. A table of weights.
11. Used to roam the plains.
12. A negative conjunction; people.
13. The cyclist's favorite sport.
14. The small boy accusing his father of robbing.
15. Harmony.

HERMANN H. HOWARD.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 16.

ENIGMA XXIX.—The race is not always to the swift.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—Panama Canal.

FINAL ACROSTIC.—Mark Twain. 1. Clam. 2. Toga. 3. Boar. 4. Mask. 5. Coat. 6. View. 7. Lava. 8. Fiji. 9. Even.

ENIGMA XXX.—The Beacon Club.

A TRANSPOSITION.—

He who has acres broad of land
Will have great cares on every hand;
And he who races blooded stock
Has many a scare and many a shock.

Contributions have been received from Charles N. and Helen P. Young, Providence, R.I.; Virginia L. Woodward, St. Cloud, Minn.; Gretchen Kyne, San Francisco, Cal., and Hope White, Humboldt, Ia.